



FIRST AND BEST IN ILLUSTRATED HORROR

# CREEPY

CREEPY  
#39

MAY/71

A WARREN  
MAGAZINE

PDC  
60¢

## WHERE SATAN DWELLS

Featuring  
your  
favorite  
comic  
character  
...on page 6

Plus...

## MAD JACK'S GIRL

A diabolical  
tale of  
teenage terror  
on the streets!  
...see page 59





# CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE!

I NOTICED IN MY LOATHSOME LIBRARY THAT OUR FRIGHT-FILLED FOREBEARS HAD THE EYE-DEA THAT LOOKS COULD KILL! LET'S TAKE A BUZZARD'S-EYE VIEW OF SOME GROOVY HISTORICAL GRUE AND (AER, HER) SEE, WITH....

## THE EVIL EYE!

THE LEGEND OF THE SUMERIAN HERO, **ENLILGAMISH**, RELATES HOW HE ENCOUNTERED SCORPION-MEN WHO'S GLANCE WAS FATAL!



THE IMMORTAL POET, **LOD SYRON**, WAS FEARED TO HAVE THE MEANS TO HARM OTHERS, SOLELY THROUGH HIS GAZE!



CURIOUSLY, IN ANCIENT GREECE LIKENESSES OF THE **MEDUSA** WERE USED AS CHARMS TO FIGHT THE EVIL-EYE, RATHER THAN TO TURN MEN TO STONE.



THE BELIEF IN THE **POWER OF THE EYE** PERSISTS, EVEN TODAY. HOWEVER, IN MODERN TIMES, THE "WICKED WINKERS" HAVE COME TO SYMBOLIZE THE EYE OF PROVIDENCE. IN FACT THE U.S. USES SUCH A DESIGN ON THE **GREAT SEAL**, SEEN ON ANY ONE DOLLAR BILL!



# MAIL



I'm afraid that I agree 100% with Michael Goyek (Re Dear Uncle Creepy #33) where he mentions you should have a special 'monster ish' in which all of your first and greatest artists and writers contribute all new works and no reprints. This 'monster ish' should perhaps have more pages than usual, and absolutely DO NOT bother the artist concerning censorship. Let him draw the script the way he thinks best for you. Also about 80% of the stories should be good odds about vampires, werewolves, and sorcery BUT ALL WITH A NEW TWIST! The remaining 20% should consist of tales of space and science-fiction. Wait! One last thing before I sign off. Why don't you have a preview of what's coming in future issues? This would keep many people in suspense and they would be sure to buy the next ish, right?

MIKE PHILLIPS  
Toronto, W. Va.

You're right on most counts, Mike. An answer to Michael Goyek's letter (Re Creepy #33) appears within

## "Give us more vampires and werewolves!"

this answer to your letter. A special 'monster ish' is highly improbable. Most of the great comic artists are spread far and wide and busy on other commitments. We'll try not to publish reprints in current issues if possible. Staff writers come up with highly imaginative scripts which our staff artist usually have free reign to create visually within the confines of each script. New twist's in stories are always sought after. Sci-fi stories are occasionally used but we try to limit those to less than 20%. Lastly, we're working on a way to preview upcoming stories, as well as new artists. Concerning the comments made by Creepy fan, Michael Goyek in issue #33, there wasn't enough space to answer his letter then, so, drum... here it is now. We try to give many talented new corners the opportunity to display their work on the letters pages. Second, most of the worlds greatest comic artists are tied up or either, as mentioned, committed to other assignments. We try to use them whenever they are available. (Which is not very often) As for the writers, it's pretty difficult to come up with various scripts which haven't been used in one form or another. Variations are attempted, and you must admit, most of our writers have been doing a pretty fair job in that respect. To turn it up, Mike, we're doing something to get our mag's far out in front of the pack, and we intend to STAY there!

I think your Creepy issue #37 was one of the best because of the stories. The Loathsome Love, by Sutton, was great. The stories THE CADAVRE and THE CASTLE were beauts. What I also like about your books are the fan fare pages and the letters pages. They're outstanding.

SCOTT BACE  
Genese, Nebraska

A scene from THE CUT THROAT CAT BLUES  
Illustrated by Ernie Colon and scripted by T. Casey Brennan.  
Last page of story was flooded in color which drew rave praises from readers. One reader, James O'Saile, urges our stories should contain more bloodier scenes. We suggest that James reread page 67 of issue #37, panel 7.



Thank you, Scott, M'boy. You have excellent taste. What I like about you is, you tell the truth.

I live in a town called Ossing and it's hard to get your magazines. A friend of mine went away on a short vacation to Pa., and when he returned he had a few Creepys. I liked them so much, that I had to keep them. But since I couldn't, I would now like to order some from you. Also I'd like to order some of the home movies you advertise.

TOM WYNANT  
Ossing, N.Y.

The next time you pick up one of my mag's, Tom, dip out the coupons for any back issues you wish, or any films. Mail it in with your remittance and I'll personally see to it that you receive your order as soon as possible.

The artwork and stories in your Creepy mag is always outstanding! They're exciting, fantastic and totally interesting whether the stories are good or bad. They're always interesting which leaves the readers with something to say about what you've put out. Therefore, the letters pages, which are better than ever, and the fan fare pages makes Creepy the best issue #35 was a real stone in your Creepy history.

WILLIAM BUCHANAN  
Arnold, Pa.

Billy, boy... It's fans like yourself that make these Creepy old bones of mine (sniff) jangle with joy. (Sob, sob) Thanks... (sniff)... for your opinion of approval. Your short story "The Voice of Death" which you sent in is also "out-right". Turn to the letters page in this ish, and dig it... (sniff).

I don't know how to tell you this, but I like your mag's so much that I've been searching through my junky bureau drawers for an ish with the coupon to join your club. I'm saving my money, so by the time I find a coupon, I'd have enough to join.

NARK GARRISON  
Chicago, Ill

Quit searching, Mark. I'm even. There's a coupon in this issue. In fact, right on this same page.

## HEY GANG! WANT TO JOIN THE CREEPY FAN CLUB?



Get your numbered membership card, big full-color club pin, and full-color portrait of Uncle Creepy. Just send \$1.25 to:

WARREN PUBLISHING  
145 East 32nd St.  
New York, N.Y. 10016

# "Issue #37, Pg. 67 in color was SENSATIONAL!!"

I say that Israel Oopen better is completely wrong (Re: Creepy #37) If stories are too long, that's when they get boring. Also, I think most people like horror stories, not comedy stories in a brand-newly good mag like Creepy.

**IAN STIMITS**  
Lafayette, Colorado

If I remember correctly Dan, Israel didn't mention anything about putting comedy stories in our mags. What he did say was, "He'd like to see more stories with COM-TINUING characters. Coincidentally, we're getting more and more mail from readers expressing the same request. Which resulted in our instituting a policy whereby the stories will be longer and depending upon the bulk of future requests, we'll begin to introduce other continuing characters."

I really enjoyed issue #37 of Creepy. The cover, art and scripting was great. I'm sure Conan's art amazed me in TENDER MACHINE 10061. It was superb! The real reason for this letter is, I suppose you know of Vampira's new one-trip series and Eric's continuing character, October War. So, dear you, why don't you hit back? Why don't you begin a continuing character someone on the order of Conan or Thane. Or even grab Sork back, you remember him, don't you? The character from the story, BEAST IN THE SWAMP. How about it, huh, ank?

**STEVEN HART**  
Saddle Brook, N.J.

Well, Steve, ole man, your idea has merit. Keep watching and one of these days you just might behold a mighty and bold new continuing character who'll equal, if not surpass the adventures of CONAN, THANE, or SORK. Scripts are being written on him now. Any guesses on who'll script the series and who'll do the illustrations?

I'm a new reader of Creepy mag and was very impressed when I read issue #37. The art was excellent as well as the stories. But I didn't like TENDER MACHINE 10061. I never was much for sci-fi, and this story's art was a bit too confusing to follow. However, as soon as I read the pages set aside for short stories sent in by readers, I hoped! The layout of these pages, plus the designs, seemed so different and elegant compared with the rest of the book. I intend to be a permanent fan of Creepy and

after writing this letter, I even wrote a short story which I'm also enclosing. By the way, that jelly belly cousin of yours sells his issues for 10¢ less than he did. You know that?

**BILLY RAND**  
Philadelphia, Pa.

That jelly-belly cousin of mine had better not be selling his rag mags at a cheaper price (even though they are cheap). And if he is selling his cheap rags at a dime less, I want to know where. On second thought, Billy... you're a new reader to my book, and you probably have an old issue of me brother's rag. That may explain it. By the way, Billy, boy... Look for your story on the farfare pages of this ish. It's been slightly edited, but only for the better. However, it was still a pretty interesting yarn and well written. Keep up the good work.

I read Creepy all the time and in issue #37 I read a letter sent in by Michael Long saying, "Try to get some real bloody stories into your mags." Well, I strongly agree. As he says, "The bloodier, the better!" Now, I'm not saying it isn't good now, but what I am saying is, it could get better by getting bloodier. Do you agree?

**JAMES DISALLE**  
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Well now, James, m'boy we try to please most of our readers, but in this bloody case, I'm wondering how our other readers feel about all this gore you and Mike are asking for.

All of your mags are good, but in ish #37 you outdid yourself. I especially liked page 67 which was in color. Your drifting from horror to sci-fi is sort of sad. Why don't you have some more stories about vampires and were-wolves? You should make a book cover so we fans could put our Creepy copies into it. Have it like a school notebook with rings in it or something.

A book in which we can add Creepy's each month they come out. A sort of binder to keep and protect them. What do you think about that, unk, huh?

**DOUG SOBOLEWSKI**  
Zion, IL

I think it's cool, Doug. And your idea is now being considered. Any of our other readers out there with ideas and suggestions? If so, let's hear 'em.

I would like to suggest, dear uncle Creepy, that you and your jelly-belly cousin refrain from interrupting the end of one story and the beginning of another with so many ads. Why don't you, him, and Vampi too, put all of your ads

in the back of your books? It's so distracting to finish up a good yarn, eager to turn to the next only to continually flip, and flip until you get to the next story. That's frustrating. I usually skip over them, anyway. Then, if there's anything I want to order, I go back to the ads. Try to remedy this annoying breakup of your continuity of excellent stories and artwork.

**ULRICA BLANKS**  
Jamaica, L.I., N.Y.

Okay, Rica. Your ole unk will see what he can do about this break-up of continuity from story to story. How do you other readers feel about that? Let's hear from you.

## WRITE ON!

Keep those letters coming into us on **DEAR UNCLE CREEPY** c/o Warren Publishing 145 East 32nd Street New York, N.Y. 10016

Every letter is carefully read and as many as possible are printed in each issue! So... **WRITE ON, fans!** **WRITE ON!**

## SUBSCRIBE!

BE THE ENVY OF THE GANG!  
BE THE ENVY OF THE ENTIRE WORLD!  
DO IT NOW—OR ELSE!



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MAIL TO WARREN PUBLISHING CO., 145 E. 32nd ST., NEW YORK, NY 10016

EWHA...IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN  
**FEAR FRIENDS...**...TIME TO GO  
 ROMPING THROUGH THE  
**GRAVEYARD** IN SEARCH FOR  
 ANOTHER **MACABRE** TALE  
 OF **YORE** AND **GORE!** HEH  
 HEH...THIS H'YAR ART I'M  
 HOLDING IS THE **PATNETIC**  
**PENCILS** FOR THE **MILDLY**  
**MORBID** MESS YOU'RE  
 ABOUT TO FEED ON...**GO**  
**YANK YER COFFIN** A BIT  
 CLOSER TO THE PAGE AN'  
 WE'LL **DIG** IN TO THIS  
**SCRUMPTIOUS** **SCRAP**  
 OF **SUCCULANT** **SOP...**  
 HEH HEH...



IT ALL STARTS OFF ON A  
**DRIZZLY RAINY NIGHT**  
 WHEN A **PILE** OF **MAGGOTY**  
**WITHERED BONES...** WHEN  
 A **PILE** OF...WHEN,  
 WHAT'S THE **USE** ANYMORE?

IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME...  
 ISSUE AFTER ISSUE...



IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME...  
 ALL I EVER GET TO DO IS  
**INTRODUCE** THESE  
 STORIES... **BIG DEAL!**  
 ALL THE TIME... ALL I  
 EVER DO IS **TELL**  
 STORIES ABOUT HOW  
**OTHER PEOPLE** HAVE  
**ENJOYED** TERRIFYING  
 AND HORRIBLE  
 EXPERIENCES! I  
 NEVER GET TO DO  
 ANYTHING **MYSELF**  
 ...**NEVER!**

OH I'M NOT  
 KICKING THE  
 JOB... IT'S **NOT**  
**BAD!** PAYS WELL,  
 ENOUGH TO KEEP  
 ME IN **BAT**  
**FLESH** AND  
**SPIDER'S MILK...**  
 BUT... BUT THAT'S  
 NOT ENOUGH!  
 I NEED SOME  
**ACTION** ONCE  
 IN A **BLUE**  
**MOON!**

I NEED TO **GET AWAY** FROM  
 IT ALL! HOW CAN THEY  
 EXPECT A **GHoul** TO DO THE  
 SAME THING **MONTH AFTER**  
**MONTH** WITHOUT GETTING  
**BORED!** WELL THAT'S IT, I'M  
 GOIN' OUT AN' HAVE A REAL  
 ADVENTURE **MYSELF** FOR A  
 CHANGE...



# UNCLE CREEPY

STARS IN

# WHERE SATAN DWELLS...

IT'S SO WEIRD THOUGH... IT'S SO EASY IN THE BOOKS, AND IN THE STORIES I INTRODUCE... BUT IN REAL LIFE, HOW-  
HOW DO I GO ABOUT IT... HOW CAN I GET INVOLVED IN SOMETHING THAT WOULD BE AN ADVENTURE?

WELL, THERE'S NOT VERY MUCH I CAN DO, EXCEPT JUST WALK AROUND UNTIL SOMETHING HAPPENS... SOMETHING'S BOUND TO EVENTUALLY!

I'VE BEEN WALKING FOR HOURS, AND NOTHING'S HAPPENED! UNLESS I RUN INTO SOMETHING SOON... I'M AFRAID I'LL BE DOOMED TO A LIFE OF MEDIOCRITY, LIKE... A NOBODY!

WHAT ON EARTH... I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS LITTLE BOOK-SHOP BEFORE... IT'S IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE!

... JUST WHAT IS IT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, GIRL? ... A LITTLE POE PERHAPS? OR MAYBE SOME WHEATLEY OR BLOCH? ARE YOU INTERESTED IN THE MASTER... H. P. LOVECRAFT?

NO... NOT TODAY! I'M LOOKING FOR SOMETHING... WELL SOMETHING A BIT DIFFERENT!

SOMETHING DIFFERENT YOU SAY... WELL, HERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT, SIR! THEY'RE MAGAZINES OF THE MACABRE AND... WAIT... WAIT A MINUTE! AREN'T YOU... AREN'T YOU THE HOST OF ONE OF THESE MAGAZINES... CREEPY?



YES... YES, I AM... SO YOU SEE, I'M LOOKING FOR SOMETHING THAT'S...



SAY NO MORE, SIR... SAY NO MORE! I HAVE JUST THE THING FOR YOU... **JUST THE THING!**



VERY ODD... THIS LITTLE OUT OF THE WAY PLACE... OPEN AT FIVE IN THE MORNING!

JUST THE THING, SIR... THIS IS **THE** BOOK YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR... IT'S VERY DIFFERENT!

OH, I'M SORRY, SIR, IT'S **NOT** FOR SALE! OH, NO... NOT **THIS** BOOK... BUT YOU CAN LOOK AT IT IF YOU LIKE!

'WHERE DWELLS SATAN'... IT SOUNDS INTRIGUING... HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR IT?





NOT FOR SALE? THAT'S VERY ODD...WELL ALL RIGHT! WHERE CAN I GET FOR A WHILE TO READ IT?

IN THE BACK... THERE'S A CHAIR WHERE YOU CAN RELAX.

VERY CURIOUS...VERY CURIOUS! THERE'S NO PRINTING HISTORY...OR EVEN A PUBLISHER'S NOTICE...VERY ODD!

## Where Dwells Satan

### Chapter One

ON A HORRID EVENING OF THE BLOOD LAST JANUARY THE LOST SOUL OF ERIC SHORES IS TO BE AVENGED. THE TWO AWAIT DEATH...DEATH IN ALL ITS DAMNATION AND GLORY! ONE MAN...A BEING OF NAUGHT TO THE NETHERWORLD, BUT A MAN OF THE EARTH...OF THE FLESH AND BLOOD OF HUMANITY! ONLY THIS ONE MAN CAN SAVE THESE TWO. ELSE...SO SHALL THEIR SOULS PERISH FOR ETERNITY!

AND YOU, SIR, YOU ARE THAT MAN. ONLY YOU CAN GAVE US FROM ETERNAL DAMNATION...

WHAT...WHAT ARE YOU SAYING...WHERE AM...WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME?


YOU HAVE BEEN SENT TO **SAVE** US...DO YOU NOT KNOW? IF THIS BLADE STRIKES THE GIRL...WE ARE BOTH LOST...IF I AM FORCED TO DRIVE THE BLADE INTO HER! I CAN NOT CONTROL MY WILL MUCH LONGER...YOU MUST HELP ME!

A BOOK TO YOU, PERHAPS, BUT TO US... THIS IS VERY REAL - VERY REAL!


THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING...IT CAN'T...THIS IS JUST A BOOK...ONLY A MERE BOOK!



BUT HOW CAN  
I HELP...  
WHAT CAN  
I DO?



IT IS WITHIN YOUR POWER TO  
REACH MY FATHER IF YOU HURRY!  
YOU CAN **PREVENT** THIS... THIS  
MASSACRE OF OUR BLOOD! IF YOU  
TELL HIM SIMPLY THIS: 'THE TIME  
IS HIGH—**GROTON** HAS COME AND  
IS AT US'. HE IS A HIGH SORCERER  
...HE CAN HELP US! BUT YOU MUST  
REACH HIM BEFORE LONG OR...IT  
WILL BE TOO LATE!



HE SAID I MIGHT FIND HIS FATHER AT WORK  
JUST BEYOND THIS FOREST! BUT... THIS IS  
SO STRANGE... ALMOST LIKE ONE OF MY  
**STORIES!** CAN IT REALLY BE, THAT MY  
**DREAMS** HAVE COME TRUE? THAT THIS  
IS A REAL ADVENTURE... OR IS THIS  
JUST... A NIGHTMARE!



HE SAID I WOULD  
RUN INTO GREAT  
**DANGERS** ON THE  
WAY, BUT I DON'T  
- **EEEEAAH...**  
WHAT'S THAT...?



A **VAMPIRE**...  
A REAL  
**VAMPIRE**...  
AND I'M  
HELPLESS!



**AAAHHEEE!**

MY  
WALKING  
STICK...  
PIERCED  
HIS HEART

...IT KILLED  
THE **VAMPIRE**...  
JUST LIKE IN  
MY **STORIES**...  
HE'S DEAD!

THIS **REAL LIFE** STUFF  
ISN'T AS MUCH FUN AS  
JUST **TELLING** ABOUT  
IT... I'M BEGINNING TO  
WISH I'D NEVER OPENED  
MY MOUTH!

I'VE COME FROM  
YOUR SON... HE'S  
IN GREAT DANGER...  
HE TOLD ME TO  
TELL YOU 'THE  
TIME IS NIGH -  
**GROTON** HAS  
COME AND IS  
AT US!'

BY THE SHADES  
OF THE ETERNAL  
MORDU, LIE DOWN  
THY BLADE  
LET THE ANGER OF  
GROTON LIE IN TORMENT,  
AND MY SON AND HIS  
BRIDE BE SPENT!

THERE HE IS... THAT **MUST** BE HIM!  
GATHERING HERBS FOR HIS  
CONCOCTIONS... JUST LIKE  
HIS SON SAID!

WHO BE YOU... **SPEAK**  
...OR YOU'LL BE THE  
WORSE OFF FOR YOUR  
STUPIDITY!

AH SO! YOU'VE DONE WELL  
COME WITH ME... QUICKLY...  
IF THE SPELL OF  
THE EVIL GROTON  
IS TO BE  
BROKEN OVER  
MY SON...  
**HURRY!**

JUST LIKE I  
ALWAYS IMAGINED  
IT... WITH THE  
MAGICAL PENTACLE  
AND SMOKE RISING  
FROM NOTHING...!

IT IS **DONE**... AND THEY ARE SAFE! NEVER AGAIN WILL **GROTON** BE IN A POSITION TO THREATEN US!

BUT WHY? WHAT HAS HAPPENED, I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THIS AT ALL... TELL ME!

THREE HUNDRED YEARS... WE HAVE BEEN TRAPPED! WAITING, ENDLESSLY, FOR A MAN TO COME FROM THE OTHER WORLD, **YOUR WORLD**, WHO COULD HELP US FREE OUR SOULS FROM **GROTON**... THE MOST CRUEL OVERLORD THE VALLEY OF **NEDER** HAS EVER EVER KNOWN! **YOU CAME**... YOU CAME AND SAVED US!



AND NOW... THAT IT IS **OVER**... HOW CAN WE EVER GIVE YOU OUR APPRECIATION... HOW CAN WE **EVER** THANK YOU?

YOU HAVE, MY FRIEND... YOU ALREADY HAVE... YOU'VE GIVEN ME SOMETHING **NO OTHER** COULD HAVE GIVEN ME... IT IS I WHO SHOULD BE THANKING YOU!



WELL, I DON'T KNOW IF IT WAS JUST A **DREAM** OR IF IT WAS **REAL**...WHO KNOWS?...BUT I KNOW THIS...



...I'VE HAD MY ADVENTURE! **ONE** IS ENOUGH FOR ME!



THANK YOU...THANK YOU VERY MUCH, A VERY STRANGE BOOK! HOW DID YOU EVER COME BY IT? WELL, ANYWAY...THANK YOU...



WELL, **HE** MAY NOT KNOW WHAT KIND OF BOOK IT IS...BUT **WE** DO, DON'T WE, DEAR READER?...ONE OF THOSE **TALES OF THE UNIMAGINABLE** THAT REALLY GRIPS YOUR IMAGINATION AWAY TO ANOTHER WORLD, EH?



DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR OL' UNCLE... I THINK HE'S HAD **ENOUGH** ADVENTURE FOR **ONE** LIFETIME... AND HE'S **HAPPY** NOW! THAT'S WHAT I'M **HERE** FOR...JUST TO MAKE AN **IN-LAW** A LITTLE HAPPIER! ANYWAY, NOW YOU KNOW WHY I COULDN'T **SELL** HIM THAT BOOK! WHERE DO YOU THINK I **GET** ALL MY **STORIES** FOR MY OWN **RAG EERIE**...HEH HEH...OUT OF AN **OLD BOOK** OR **SOMETHING**?











"THE  
NEXT  
THING  
I KNEW I  
WAS HOOF  
ING IT  
THROUGH THE  
ONE PLACE  
I NEVER  
WISHED TO  
BE - A DRUG  
STORE."

"WHAT A PLACE FOR A HIDEOUT!  
"YOU OUGHT TO BE IN THE MOVIES.  
PAL - YOU'D PUT THOSE HORROR  
CHARACTERS TO  
SHAME!"

"ENTER! THIS IS *MY*  
MAUSOLEUM... NO ONE WILL  
DISTURB US IN HERE!"

"AN IDEAL  
PLACE TO BRIEF YOU  
ON YOUR DUTIES!"

"THAT'S  
WHEN HE  
MET ME  
WITH HIS BIG  
GUMMUCK  
AND I  
DIDN'T  
WANT  
ANY PART  
OF IT..."

"THIS IS A CONTRACT TO BUMP A GUY OFF!  
I'M JUST A CROOK... A THIEF... YOU NEED  
A PRO KILLER FOR THIS JOB!"

"WELL, THEN YOU WILL  
BECOME ONE, PARTNER!  
REMEMBER, WHAT IS AT  
STAKE - *YOUR* LIFE!"

"AND FURTHERMORE  
YOU WILL TAKE A LIFE *EVERY*  
*DAY*... OR I WILL  
CLAIM YOURS!"

"OHMY! YOU  
MADE YOUR  
POINT! IT IS  
ME OR THEM!  
HOW DO I  
KEEP ALIVE?"

"THE *FIRST* DAY WAS A BREEZE! I JUST ARRIVED INTO AN  
AIRPORT HANGAR... DID MY BUSINESS... AND WAITED..."

"HIS CRUTE... ITS  
SPLIT OPEN!"

"CUT" IS THE WORD,  
LADY! THAT'S ONE SHY  
DIVER WHO WON'T REACH  
THE GROUND ALIVE!

"WELL, THAT  
TAKES CARE  
OF TODAY... A  
LIFE FOR *MY*  
LIFE!"

"PARADE  
JACKPOT  
CONTEST  
TODAY!"

"BUT WHAT ABOUT  
TOMORROW... AND THE NEXT  
DAY... AND THE NEXT?"

"HOW LONG CAN  
A GUY GO ON  
KILLING?"



I WAKE UP AT THE  
CRACK OF DAWN  
EACH DAY TO  
FIND A VICTIM  
A STAND-IN TO  
SAVE MY SKIN  
THEY WERE EASY  
TO FIND





AND SO THE FRUSTRATED JOEY RUSHED TO HIS GIRL FRIEND'S HOME WHERE HIS TALE OF WOE FELL ON DEAF EARS.





GUILT AND FEAR RACED THROUGH JOEY'S MIND THAT EVENING AS HE PONDERED HIS FATE...



JOEY'S CAR KICKED UP DUST AS HE SPED EAGERLY TOWARDS HIS QUARRY...







IT'S SCIENCE FICTION  
TIME, BEAST BLOOD...  
BUT DON'T THINK YOU'LL GET  
OFF THE HORROR HOOK! HERE  
WE HAVE A FEAR FROLIC  
THAT'S GUARANTEED TO LEAVE YOU  
WITH A SINKING SENSATION!

WORDLESSLY THEY  
WATCHED THE STAR-  
SHIP SINK INTO THE  
SHATTERED MIRROR-  
FACE OF THE OCEAN!  
IN A MOMENT, THEY WOULD BE ALONE,  
COMPLETELY ALONE! THE RESCUE  
WOULD BE A LONG TIME IN COMING!  
UNTIL THEN, SURVIVAL WOULD NOT  
BE EASY ON...

# THE WATER WORLD!



METAL BULKHEADS GROANED LIKE DYING MEN!  
WATER BOILED, BELCH'D SKYWARD! THE STAR-  
SHIP GAWAIN WENT UNDER THE SEA...



... BUT DID NOT PASS FROM VIEW!



MR. SIVERSON!  
LOOK... LOOK  
THERE!



THE SAWYAN BECAME A CRUMPLED TOY,  
THEN BURIED AND VANISHED INTO DEPTHS TOO  
DEEP FOR SUNLIGHT TO PENETRATE...



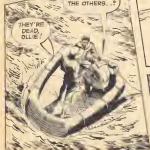
INCREDIBLE!  
I'VE NEVER SEEN WATER  
SO CLEAR!

IT'S LIKE  
LOOKING DOWN A  
PANE OF GLASS A  
THOUSAND FEET  
THICK!



CAPT. HURST  
THE OTHERS...

THEY'RE  
DEAD,  
OLLIE!



WE COULD'VE  
REACHED THEM...  
HELPED!

THAT'S CRAZY  
TALK! YOU SAW  
THE SHIP! IT WENT DOWN  
LIKE A ROCK!



WATER! NOTHING  
BUT WATER AS FAR AS  
THE EYE CAN SEE!





THE WIND CAME, FILLING THE SAIL, SHOWING THEM WESTWARD OVER **ENDLESS MILES AFTER MILES** OF ROLLING WATER! DAY AND NIGHTS CAME, WEEKS PASSES, ALL WITHOUT SIGHT OF...





EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING, A GUNSHOT  
SHATTERED SIVERTSON'S UNEASY SLEEP...

OLLIE?  
WHAT--?

IT'S BEDFORD!  
HE'S IN THE WATER!

A DOZEN FEET BELOW THE GLASSY SURFACE OF  
THE OCEAN, ARTHUR BEDFORD'S BODY WAS CLEARLY  
VISIBLE...

WE CAN  
STILL REACH HIM,  
MR. SIVERTSON!

NO REASON TO!  
HE'S DEAD! NOTHING  
WE CAN DO FOR HIM!

THE DAY PASSED SLOWLY! BEDFORD DRIFTED PHANTOM-LIKE BELOW THE  
RAFT, SINKING SLOWLY INTO THE DEEP! SHORTLY, BEFORE THE  
WINDLESS EVENING, HIS DOLL-LIKE BODY **DISAPPEARED**  
INTO THE GLOOM AND WAS NOT SEEN AGAIN...

BUT THE FOLLOWING DAY DID NOT BRING HOPE-  
LESSNESS, DESPITE BEDFORD'S SUICIDE...

YOU SEE THEM NOW! DON'T  
YOU OLLIE? IF WE CAN CATCH  
ONE--

FOOD!

WHATEVER  
THEY ARE, I'LL  
EAT THEM!

YET, AFTER AN HOUR OF TENSE EXPECTATION...

THEY  
THEY  
SOB!  
I WON'T TAKE  
THE BAIT!

DAMN! THEY'RE  
DRIFTING AWAY!

THE NEXT MORNING, OLLIE DENTON WAS DEAD...

"YOU SHOULDN'T  
HAVE DIED ON ME,  
OLLIE! WE COULD'VE  
MADE IT... WE..."

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, THE SUN  
SEEMED HOTTER, THE SEA EMPTIER THAN  
EVER! AT THE OTHER END OF THE RAFT,  
OLLIE'S BODY ROTTEN AND TURNED BLACK...

THE ODOR...  
'S(SASP) GETTING  
UNBEARABLE!

WHY... WHY  
CAN'T I BRING MY-  
SELF TO PUSH HIS  
BODY OVER THE  
SIDE?

THE NEXT DAY, AN ANSWER  
CAME TO SIVERTSON...

OH, GOD! I AM...  
I'M GOING MAD! I... I...  
WAS SAVING HIM... UNTIL  
I SO HUNGRY THAT I...  
'S(CHOKES)

'S(MOAN)

GOD HELP  
ME... I'M...

AND SUDDENLY, HIS PRAYER WAS ANSWERED! THE FISH  
WERE THERE AGAIN, DEEP DOWN WHERE THE WATER WAS  
COOL! BUT COULD THEY BE CAUGHT?

BAIT! GOTTA  
HAVE SOMETHING  
THEY'LL GO FOR!

SIVERTSON FRANTICALLY CUT AND SAWED  
AWAY... IGNORING THE PUTRID ODOR THAT ROSE  
UP TO ENVELOPE HIM...

THE FISH,  
OLLIE! WITHOUT  
BAIT I'LL LOSE  
THEM! YOU UNDER-  
STAND, DON'T YOU,  
OLLIE?

THE LINE BROKE THE SURFACE, PLUMMETED DOWN THROUGH INVISIBLE CURRENTS, DOWN TO WHERE THE FISHES LAY AS IF IN MAGICAL SUSPENSION...

LOOK--  
LITTLE FISHES!  
SEE THE PRETTY  
LUNCH!



YES, YES!  
COME UP FOR IT!  
COME UP AND  
SWALLOW IT!  
YOU BRAINLESS  
LITTLE--

THE FISH CAME UP, THROUGH WATER BRIGHT AND CLEAR AS CRISTAL...



...WATER SO CLEAR, A MAN MIGHT SEE AN OBJECT HUNDREDS  
AN HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW AND, BECAUSE IT WAS SO FAR  
AWAY, IMAGINE IT WAS *SMALL*! AN EASY ENOUGH MISTAKE  
TO MAKE IN WATER SO CLEAR... AND SYVERSON HAD JUST  
MADE IT...



Oh  
my  
dogg!

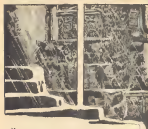


HEE HEE! AND THAT  
MY LITTLE FEAR-FISHERS,  
IS THE STORY OF ONE THAT  
DIDN'T GET AWAY!

THE  
END



THE LAND WAS GIVEN TO DARKNESS... ALL THE BOUNDS OF HEAVEN AND HELL WERE LOOSED THIS NIGHT...



HE CRIED ALOUD... I AM AFIRE WITHIN. THERE CAME NO MURMUR OF REPLY. IS THERE NONE TO REMOVE MY SIN BEFORE I DIE... I DIE...

## DEATH OF THE



de Vire  
Boyette



BUT IN DARK CORNERS OF THE PALACE STOOD UNANSWERING SHAPES AND UNAWARES THESE PHANTOMS WEeping TEARS OF BLOOD AND HORRIBLE NIGHTMARES...



SOON TO BE SHUT IN MOLTEN GROUND WITH BLACKNESS AS A SOLID WALL... HE SEEMED TO HEAR THE SOUND OF UNEARTHLY FOOTSTEPS FALL...



WHO...WHO IS HERE?



AND, IT WAS I WHO LIFTED OUR CHAMPION, ARTHUR PENDRAGON FROM THE BOILING, FLAMING SEA AND LED HIM TO THE THRONE...

AYE! AND IT WAS YOU WHO THIS DAY FAILED HIM! EVEN NOW, THE BELOVED ARTHUR LIES MORTALLY WOUNDED!

NO! THIS CANNOT BE!

THIS IS TRUTH! REVENGE HAS GUIDED THE ASSASSIN'S BLADE AND THE KING IS DYING...

THIS HAPPENED BECAUSE LOYAL MERLIN WAS NOT THERE WITH HIS SHIELD OF PROTECTION!

AND WHERE WAS THIS DEPENDABLE MERLIN? LIKE A LOVE SICK BOY, HE WAS RUSHING TO THE ARMS OF A WITCH...

AND WHAT FOUND YE, MERLIN? A  
TENDER VESSEL OF LOVE... A DELICATE  
HONEY-SWEETING APHID TRAPPED IN  
THE STRENGTH OF YOUR HUNGRY ARMS?

OR DID YOUR GREAT AWARENESS  
PREVAIL AND YOUR FAILING EYES  
PIERCE THE BEGUILING TO REVEAL  
YOUR LADY LOVE TO BE NOT A  
MAIDEN AT ALL BUT A MESMERIZING  
DEMON?

NO! WHY DO YOU  
DO THIS? WHY HAVE  
YOU RETURNED SO  
SOON FROM THE GRAVE  
TO TORTURE ME?

TORTURE  
YOU? HAY... I  
HAVE RETURNED  
FOR THE BOOK OF  
KNOWLEDGE, BUT  
YOU SAY YOU HAVE  
IT NOT!

YOU HAVE  
GIVEN IT TO  
THE MAIDEN!

YES!

THEN THIS IS FAREWELL, MERLIN!  
YOUR SERVICE TO BRITON IS  
DONE! I LEAVE YOU NOW TO  
THE ENEMY YOU HAVE EMBRACED!



FOR THE FIRST TIME TERROR GRIPS MERLIN'S HEART,  
FOR HE KNOWS THAT HIS LOYAL MENTOR, BLEYS, WOULD  
NOT RETURN FROM THE GRAVE TO CAST IDLE ACCUSATIONS!



LIGHTNING AND  
PANIC EXPLODE  
IN BRILLIANT  
BURSTS OF  
FIRE AS MERLIN  
SEEKS A COVER  
OF DARKNESS!

BUT, HE KNOWS  
HIS FLIGHT IS  
FUTILE... HIS FATE  
IS SET...

... AND HE ALSO  
KNOWS THAT HIS  
OPENED EYES  
CAN NO LONGER  
SEE BEAUTY WHERE  
THERE IS ONLY  
HIDEOUS OBSCENITY

GONE!

MERLIN!



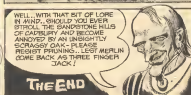
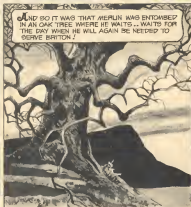
MERLIN! I  
AM HERE,  
MERLIN!



CAN YOU  
NOT LOOK  
AT ME,  
MERLIN?







**THE END**

IT'S EXPERIMENTATION TIME, GHOULISH GROUPIES! EVER START ONE OF OUR STARTLING STORIES AND FIND YOU'D GUESSED THE ENDING? PRETTY DISAPPOINTING, HUH? WELL, WITH THE VIVID VIGNETTE THAT FOLLOWS, WE MAY HAVE SOLVED THAT PROBLEM... BECAUSE IT'S GOT THREE ENDINGS, AND WE'RE BETTING AT LEAST ONE OF THEM IS GOING TO SADCK EVEN THE SHREWDEST OF YOU SHRIEK-SEEKERS IN THIS TRIPLE-TURNED TALE THAT LETS YOU REAP A

# HARVEST OF HORROR!

BRUNNER

THERE WERE TOO MANY MEN LOOKING  
FOR HIM... AND FOR REVENGE! HE HAD  
TO RUN TO ESCAPE THEM! BUT THESE FIELDS  
TO LIVE TO RUN AGAIN! BUT THESE FIELDS  
RICH WITH HARVEST WERE NOT TO LIVE OF  
CITY-BRED FRANK WENT! THE SOUNDS WERE  
STRANGE, THE SHADOWS WERE IN ODD PLACES.  
THE MOON LIGHT TWISTED SURFACES RELEASING  
LIGHT AND DARK AREAS. HE LOOKED BEHIND HIM AGAIN,  
AND WHEN HE PEELED GLANCE MORE INTO THE DARK-  
NESS BEFORE HIM, HE SAW

YAH  
HUUH!

ART BY FRANK BRUNNER/STORY BY PHIL SEULING

THE MENACING SHAPE DOES NOT MOVE...  
IT ONLY WAITS...

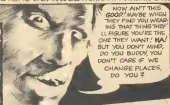
A... SCARECROW! HA HA  
IT'S ONLY A SCARECROW!



AND A DAMN SIGHT  
BETTER DRESSED THAN  
I AM RIGHT NOW!

THE TERRIBLE THING HE HAD DONE, THAT HE WAS BEING  
TRACKED AND HUNTED FOR, HAD LEFT STAINS ON FRANK  
WESSE, DARK RED STAINS THAT WERE THEIR OWN CON-  
FESSION. HE STRIPPED OFF THE BOY'S SHIRT FROM HIM,  
AND BENEATH THE PALE, RISING MOON EXCHANGED  
WITH THE SILENT GUARDIAN OF THE FIELDS.

THE CHANGE OF GARMENTS SEEM TO ADD BACKBONE  
TO HIM. HE EVEN MANAGED A SOMEWHAT DISTORTED SMILE.



NOW AIN'T THIS  
GOOD? MAYBE WHEN  
THEY FIND YOU WEAR-  
ING THAT THING THEY'  
LL FIGURE YOU'RE THE  
ONE THEY WANT! HA!  
BUT YOU DON'T MIND,  
DO YOU BUDDY, YOU  
DON'T CARE IF WE  
CHANGE PLACES,  
DO YOU?

IF THE SCARECROW  
HAD AN ANSWER, HE  
KEPT IT TO HIMSELF.  
THE QUIET OF THE  
FIELDS REMAINED  
UNBROKEN...



MORE LIKE AN ANIMAL THAN LIKE A MAN, WEST MOVED OFF INTO THE FIELDS, STILL HUNTED BY HIS PURSUERS AND HIS OWN FEARS!



JUST GOT TO KEEP GOING UNTIL DAWN... GRAB A TRAIN AT THE FREIGHT YARDS... HEY, WHAT'S...?



SOMETHING PULLS AT HIS CLOTHING, BUT WHEN HE LOOKS AROUND...

NOTHING! NOTHING THERE... BUT I COULD'VE SWORN SOMETHING GRABBED AT ME! HUH! WHAT'S THAT SOUND?!



BEHIND HIM IN THE NIGHT THERE IS THE VERY DISTANT SOUND OF DOGS BARKING! BUT CLOSER, MUCH NEARER THERE IS A RUSTLING SOUND! THERE! AGAIN!

FRIGHTENED ALERTED WEST TURNED AND RAN INTO THE DARKNESS BEFORE HIM. OMINOUS AND EERIE BENEATH THE GHASTLY MOON, THE MOON WAS SEEMED YEARS AWAY!



IT CAN'T BETHEW! THEY WERE TOO FAR BEHIND! GOT TO GET AWAY UNTIL MORNING. GOT TO...

AGAIN HE FELT TUGGING AT HIS CLOTHES, BUT NOW HE WOULD NOT, COULD NOT STOP!



KEEP GOING TILL MORNING, KEEP GOING, KEEP...

COULD HE STILL HEAR THAT RUSTLING SOUND? MAYBE HE COULD IF HE WOULD LISTEN IF HE WOULD PAUSE



BRIGHT MORNING CAME TO THE FIELDS AND SOON THERE AROSE THE SOUNDS OF MEN'S ACTIVITY, THE HARVESTERS MOVED THROUGH THE FIELD, FOLLOWING THE MOWERS, REAPERS AND BAILING MACHINES WHICH WERE CONVERTING STANDING CROPS INTO FOOD SUPPLIES TO BE SHIPPED OR STORED.



OH FOR THE LOVE OF... WHAT THE HECK DID I HIT?



MY GOD, JACK! YOU KILLED A GUY, HE'S ALL WANGLED UP IN THE MACHINE! LOOK!

I NEVER SAW HIM, HE MUST'VE BEEN ASLEEP IN THERE... DIDN'T HEAR US COMING OH, MY GOD!



HEY! THIS IS NO GUY! IT'S ALL STOKES AND CLOTHES! A SCARECROW!

NOW WHO WOULD WANT TO DO A DUMB BING LIKE THAT? WHAT'S A SCARECROW DOING LYING IN THE FIELD? AND IF THIS IS THE SCARECROW, WHAT'S THAT AT THE END OF THE FIELD?



YES, FRANK WEST, WHAT IS THAT THING? IT'S MORNING NOW, FRANK, REMEMBER HOW MUCH YOU WANTED MORNING TO COME? NO ANSWER? TOO BUSY IN YOUR NEW JOB? WELL NOBODY WILL BOTHER YOU ANY MORE EVER!



HEH, HEH... LOOKS LIKE THERE'S A LITTLE HANG-UP FOR FRANK IN HIS NEW JOB! AND... WHAT'S THAT? YOU SAY THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU EXPECTED TO HAPPEN? WELL LET'S GO BACK AND TRY AGAIN! BACK TO NIGHT TO FRANK WEST'S FLIGHT AND HIS MOUNTING TERROR!

SUDDENLY AND WITH STUNNING WHACK HE CRASHES IN-  
TO SOMETHING IN THE DARKNESS!



THERE WAS ENOUGH SANITY LEFT IN HIM TO KEEP HIM  
FROM SCREAMING AND GIVING AWAY HIS LOCATION  
AGAIN. HE RAN!



AWHHH! Noooo!



THROUGH A VEIL OF SWEAT AND PAIN, GASPING AIR INTO HIS  
LUNGS, WEST LOOKS UP AT WHAT HE  
HAS ENCOUNTERED!



BUT, SOONER  
THAN HE  
EXPECTED!!



RIPPING LOOSE, HE SPINS AND FLEES, ONLY TO MEET AGAIN WITH THE SILENT HORROR STAND-  
ING OVER THE FIELDS! AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN, TO THE POINT OF INSANITY, AND PAST IT!

MORNING...



SHERIFF! THEY FOUND HIM! THEY FOUND HIM OVER THERE!

WELL, I'LL BE A SON OF A GUN, I FIGURED WE LOST HIM BY THIS TIME HE SHOULD'VE BEEN ON A TRAIN AND GONE!

TAKE YOUR TIME SAM! HE'S NOT GOING ANYWHERE! LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN RUNNING ALL NIGHT BACK AND FORTH, BACK AND FORTH!

NOW WHY? WHY WOULD ANYONE DO SUCH A FOOL THING?



THEY LOOKED AT FRANK WEST, BROKEN IN MIND AND BODY, WHO GIBBERED AND SOBBED BEFORE THEM, WONDERING WHY HE HAD BLUNDERED INTO THIS BACK YARD GARDEN, AND ABOVE ALL, WHY DIDN'T HE GET OUT? THEY WOULD NEVER FIND OUT!



POOR FRANK! LOOKS LIKE SHEER FEAR COST HIM HIS SENSE OF DIRECTION...OF COURSE THINKING THOSE TWO SCARECROWS WERE THE SAME ONE PROBABLY HELPED! DID IT HELP KEEP YOU GUESSING? **NO??** WELL, YOU'VE GOT ONE MORE CHANCE WISE GUY, DON'T BLOW IT!

IN THE BLACKNESS WHICH PRESSES IN ON HIM, WEST SEES THROUGH HIS OWN TERROR THE SHAPE OF THE SCARECROW! IS IT MOVING? IS IT COMING TOWARD HIM?

NO NO!  
OH MY GOD!  
NO!

LET ME SEE YOU! WHAT EVER YOU ARE! LET ME SEE YOU, YOU CAN'T BE THAT SCARECROW, YOU MUST BE SOMEONE TRYING TO SCARE ME! LET ME SEE YOU!

AND NOW THE MOON COMES OUT FROM BEHIND A CLOUD, AND FRANK WEST SEES THE LAST THING HE EVER SEES!

IN THE MORNING...

WELL, HE'S GONE! MUST HAVE MADE THAT TRAIN AFTER ALL. NOTHING IN THESE FIELDS BUT THAT SCARECROW!

DURNEST LOOKIN' SCARECROW I EVER SAW, TOO! WEIRD, I CALL IT! WEIRD!

HHHHH... COMING FACE TO FACE WITH HORROR SEEMS TO HAVE COST FRANK HIS! WELL, THAT'S THE CROW'S PROBLEM NOW! OURS IS SEEING IF *THAT* FINALLY GOT YOU NO? WELL, THERE'S A *FOURTH* ENDING FOR YOU CREEPS!... WAIT TILL IT'S DARK AND THEN GO TO THIS *CORNFIELD* WE KNOW ABOUT...



## PROLOGUE:

NO, FATHER, IT IS YOUR LOT TO HAVE EVER BEEN A SERF, BUT IT SHALL NOT BE MINE!

BUT, MY SON, YOU WERE BORN A SERF. IT IS YOUR FATE!



NO! I SHALL TAKE A STEED! I SHALL RIDE FAR AND JOIN THE WARRIORS OF THE SWEDS!... THIS IS THE LIFE I SEEK!

BUT YOU HAVE NOT A STEED! YET YOU PLAN SUCH AS THIS? OF WHAT DO YOU TRULY SPEAK?



HE DID NOT ANSWER HIS FATHER, BUT RATHER THAT NIGHT, NEAR THE GREAT HALL OF HIS RULING THANE...



THUS WAS HE CAUGHT... AND SOON THEREUPON HE WAS BROUGHT TO THE GREAT COUNCIL HALL AND DID STAND BEFORE HIS THANE...



YET...

STAY! WHO BE THERE?




I MAY BE BUT A SERF, AND I BE BANISHED, YET STILL SHALL I HAVE MY REVENGE!



ACROSS THE ANGRY SEA DID COME THE  
PROUD SHIP OF THE VIKING WARRIORS...

# the Dragon Prow!



YOUNG WEHLAC, BORN A  
SERF, HAD EVER WISHED FOR  
FREEDOM AND POWER AND  
WHEN SUCH WAS DENIED  
HIM... WHEN HIS DESIRES  
BROUGHT NAUGHT BUT BAN-  
ISHMENT, HE SOUGHT THEN  
ONLY REVENGE!

THE YOUNG WEHLAC WAS TAKEN BEYOND THE  
BORDER OF THE THANEDOM, AND LATER, AS HE  
DID WALK HERE, HE WAS SET UPON BY THE  
WARRIORS OF THE SEA.

A BANISHED GEAT! HE BE YOUNG, LOOKS  
STRONG, HE SHALL MAKE A GOOD GEARSMAN!

TAKE HIM INTO  
THE SHIP!

AND THIS WAS THE YOUNG GEAT, TAKEN ABOARD THE GREAT DRAGON-FROW, AND THERE WAS CHAINED IN HIS PLACE AMONG THE OTHER OARSMEN...



... FELT NAUGHT BUT THE STRAIN IN THE MUSCLES OF HIS ARMS... AND THE SHARP PAIN AS LEATHER CUT DEEP INTO HIM WHENEVER HE DID SLACKEN HIS PACE...

AND AS THE DAYS DID PASS, WEIOHLAC HEARD NAUGHT BUT THE GROOMS OF THE MEN, THE CREAKING OF THE OARS AND THE PERSISTENT THROBBING BEAT OF THE CADENCE THAT THE OARSMEN WERE TO FOLLOW...



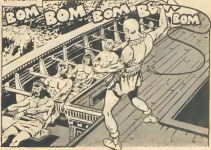
AND THUS DID THE GEAT BECOME NUMB, NO LONGER DID HE OFTEN SLACKEN HIS PACE. HE DID SEEM DESIGNED TO DO AS THE WARRIORS WISH... WHILE HIS MIND WAS ON BUT ONE WISH...



THEN ONE DAY WAS THE PROUD SHIP CAUGHT IN A GREAT STORM... AND IT DID TOSS THE SHIP ABOUT WITHOUT MERCY...



AND THE CADENCE THE OARSMEN WERE TO FOLLOW DID GLOW LOUDER, FASTER... AND THE OARSMEN DID TRULY STRAIN TO THE UTMOST...



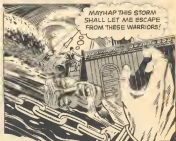


BUT SUCH WAS TO NO AVAIL FOR THE GREAT STORM DID SOON THROW THE PROUD SHIP UPON GREAT ROCKS THAT DID LAY NEAR A SHORE...

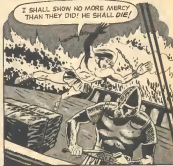


AND WATER DID RUSH INTO THE GALLEY... AND IT DID SEEM CERTAIN THAT THE CHAINED GALLSMEN WOULD SOON DROWN...

YET, THE FATES HAD NOT ORDAINED THAT YOUNG WEONLAC SHOULD DIE, AND THUS HAD THE GREAT ROCK CUT THROUGH THE CHAINS THAT WERE FASTENED TO HIS ARMS...



AND AS THE YOUNG GAT DID THEN STEP UPON THE DECK OF THE GREAT SHIP HE DID SEE ONE OF THE WARRIORS WHO HAD FOR SO LONG ENSLAVED HIM... AND AGAIN WERE HIS THOUGHTS OF REVENGE...





AND THUS DID WEHLAC HIT THE VIKING WITH SUCH FORCE THAT BOTH WERE CARRIED OVER THE RAIL OF THE SHIP...

YET DID THE WARRIOR GRAB ONTO THE GEAT... AND THUS WAS THE YOUNG WEHLAC ALSO CARRIED DEEP...



AND WHEN HE DID AWAKE, HE FOUND THAT HE DID LIE UPON A BEACH, WHERE ALSO DID LIE THE VIKING HE HAD FOUGHT...



...AND INTO THE SEA! NO LONGER DID HE THINK OF HIMSELF, HIS ONLY THOUGHT WAS THAT THE ARMOR OF THE WARRIOR WOULD CARRY HIS ENEMY DOWN DEEP INTO DEATH!



STRAINING TO BREAK FREE, THE GEAT DID GROW WEAKER, HIS LUNGS DID ACHES...



AND AT LENGTH DID HE ENTER THE WORLD OF HIS DREAMS...





HIS HEAVY BLADE SHALL  
SERVE ME WELL SHOULD I  
MEET ENEMIES HERE!



THESE LANDS  
DO SEEM FAMILIAR!  
I HAVE...

AYE! THESE IN  
TRUTH BE THE LANDS I  
DID PASS THROUGH WHEN  
I WAS BANISHED!

I BE HEADED TOWARD  
MY HOMELAND! THE LAND  
OF THE GEATS!



NIGHT COMES!  
NOW SHALL BE THE  
HOUR I SOUGHT... THE  
HOUR OF REVENGE!

THEN, AS HE DID WALK WITH DETERMINED STEPS, THERE  
DID COME A THROBBING IN HIS MIND... AND IT WAS LIKE  
THE CADENCE BEAT OUT ABOARD THE GREAT DRAGON-PROW.



REVENGE  
REVENGE  
REVENGE

AND HE DID ENTER THE GREAT  
HALL... AND DID SEE HIS KING...



AND SOON THEREUPON HE CAME  
TO THE GREAT HALL OF THE GEATS...

I HAVE NOT YET  
BEEN SEEN! TRULY  
THE FATES BE  
WITH ME!



THE HOUR  
HAS COME!

AND AS HE DID QUIETLY APPROACH THE KING, THE THROBBING WITHIN HIS MIND BECAME LOUDER, FASTER... AND IT WAS LIKE THE DRAGON-PROW PASSING THROUGH THE STORM...



BUT THE KING DID NOT FALL. AND THE YOUNG GREAT DID AGAIN THRUST FORTH THE BLADE, BUT THOUGH IT DID PASS THROUGH THE KING, YET WAS HE UNHARMED. AND THEN DID THE ARM OF WECHLAC ALSO PASS THROUGH...

AND THE YOUNG GREAT DID THEN REALIZE

"I BE DEAD! I DIED AT SEA WITH THE VIKING!"



THEN DID HE THRUST FORTH THE BLADE...

AND WITHIN HIS MIND DID THE THROBBING CONTINUE! AND IT DID BECOME THE LAUGHTER OF THE FATES! THEY HAD BROUGHT HIM CLOSE TO VICTORY THAT THEN HIS DEFEAT WOULD CUT THAT MUCH DEEPER...

AND THE THROBBING DID GROW LOUDER AND FASTER, AS THOUGH TO DRIVE HIM INTO MADNESS! AND HE DID CRY OUT FOR HELP! BUT NO ONE WAS THERE TO HEAR HIM... FOR HE WAS DEAD!



# PUZZLING MONSTERS

SO YOU THINK  
YOU KNOW  
OUR ARTISTS  
EH???

## WHO DREW WHAT?

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO FINISHING THIS ISSUE . . . OUR ILLUSTRIOUS ILLUSTRATORS WERE KIDNAPPED AND FORCED TO SPEND THE NIGHT UNDER THE LOCAL CEMETERY, WHERE, UNDER PENALTY OF HAVING THEIR BLOOD RE-ROUTED, THEY WERE FORCED TO DRAW A PORTRAIT OF THEIR HOSTS!

HERE ARE THOSE GREAT SKETCHES . . . CAN YOU PICK OUT (BY THEIR STYLES) EXACTLY WHICH ARTIST DREW WHICH PORTRAIT?

FOR ANSWERS, TURN TO CREEPY JAN COSS ON FOLLOWING PAGE



2



5



8



10



11



7



6



1



3



4



9



12





# THE LESSON

By Billy Ward

Darkness hovered over the small New England town as reporter Ed Collins was returning to his home after what he considered a very dull interview. "What did that guy talk about?" He tried to remember. "Oh yeah, the legend of Vampires. Why did Green, that slave driving boss of mine have to send me on this assignment anyway? Green had n't even the slightest idea of what the topic of the interview would be. What a waste of time!" Just that morning Mr. Greene, Collins' editor, had come to him with the task. Now it was way past nine, and Ed was tired and only wanted to hurry home.

It was at that moment he

first noticed the lone figure lurking the corner. Collins smiled because he was glad to have some company, even a stranger. Something made his muscles tense, as he started to watch the man intently. There was an eerie air about this man that gave Ed Collins that sudden feeling of dread. Collins thought to himself, "Perhaps I would be better off crossing the street!" He began to cross. The strange man also started to cross. Suddenly the strange man grabbed Collins by the neck and opened his hideously fuming mouth to display back, grotesque fangs.

Collins was understandably horrified. "Oh my god, a vampire!" He shrieked. "It

isn't possible!" He fought wildly, trying to force the creature off. He finally broke free and ran for a church on the corner with the head closing in. Reaching the church, Ed ran in and shut the doors. "He won't come in here. Now, what did old Professor Green say? Oh yeah, a stake through the heart kills a vampire. I mean to do it. I have to!" Collins took a fast look around the church, and his gaze fell upon one large wooden crosses at the base of one of the statures. He grabbed one, slung it on the hard concrete floor, then threw open the doors and faced the creature. Collins raised the cross over his head. The sight of the cross sent the vampire

reeling back. Ed advanced on it and thrust the pointed side into the beast's chest causing blood to gush wildly from the open wound and from its mouth. The vampire tried not to close, then fell in its own river of blood. Ed Collins mumbled, "I will never again doubt another man's word without just cause." That old professor saved my life. I won't forget it. EVER!" For as he looked at the dying creature lying there, the fangs began to shorten, the slanted eyes straightened and the vampire features disappeared revealing the features of my editor, Mr. Green. He had no idea that the interview he was sending me on would kill him in the end.



The face of Barrabas, drawn for our Creepy Fan Club page by Sam Park of Bunnell, Fla., was a Frostbite inspired effort, says Sam.

# THE GRAVEKEEPER

By Denise Kwapich

It is midnight at the graveyard. Why did I pick this job? I am a grave keeper. No diggers, cannot rob. I have to walk around the Yard.

Wonder at every sound. Was it an owl or something else. Like the skull I had found. Did I see that grave really moved?

Am the bats just plain bats? Or is somebody's soul in them. This place just crawls with rats. The gravekeepers ask such questions.

They watch from twelve to one. The witching hour is dreaded. When safe from harm is none. END



The above illustration was sent in by Harry Gieske of Lemoore, Ill. (It appears as though some vampires were just meant for each other.)



Edgar Maggiani and Daniel Smalley combined their talents and rendered this bit of art for our Creepy page.

Randy Wilkens of Liberty, N. C. contributed this very artistic rendition of "THE FACE OF LIGEIA" (above left). It's Randy's adaptation of E. A. Poe's short story "Ligeia".

# THE YEAR 2000

By Mark Rouse

There is only darkness. Not a living being on the face of the earth. Where has man gone? What has happened to all their accomplishments and power? Could it be that his veins were wiped out by a distant war or have they gone to another planet better than ours? The sky that was full of life is now darkness. Where have they all gone, where are they now, are questions I can not answer. In our great galaxy there are no more stars. Even the sun, largest and most powerful giver of light and warmth has been deadened. The evolution of man is over. Never again will humans walk the face of the earth. What has happened to them is a question that will never be answered. Now even I am dying. This is the end.

# THE VOICE OF DEATH

By Wm Buchanan

"The cold is getting stronger. I can feel its icy fingers, caressing my shivering body. Am I the only being that left on this earth? Is the whole world like this? What might not I most reach for now? A voice, A VOICE! Good heavens, that's no human voice, it's the voice of... And death swallowed the last human from the earth. The cause? A dying star always loses heat before it turns into a novel.

# LITTLE MISS MUFFET

By John Lehn

Little Miss Muffet sat on her tuffet. A very unnice thing to do. For Olafus spied her, and sat down beside her. Now Muffets a vampire, too.

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A WITHERED FIGURE DEPARTED FROM A LITTLE SHOP ON ST JOHN STREET, WALKING SLOWLY THROUGH THE DARK.



**KLOP-KLOP-KLOP-KLOP**

THE CHURCH BELL TOLLED THE HOUR. IT WAS LATE, HE THOUGHT, TOO LATE FOR AN OLD MAN ALONE ON THIS SIDE OF TOWN! ESPECIALLY TONIGHT! ESPECIALLY FOR HIM! ESPECIALLY...



**KLOP-KLOP-KLOP-KLOP-KLOP-KLOP**





NO ONE REALLY KNOW HOW MAD JACK HAD GOTTEN THAT NAME—  
FOR WHILE HE MAY HAVE BEEN A BIT CRAZY, HE SEEMED AS SANE  
AS ANY OF THEM—JACK'S GANG OR.

# MAD JACK'S GIRL



WHEN DANN BROKE, CYCLES WERE ALREADY GATHERING OUTSIDE THE USUAL TRUCKSTOP.

INSIDE, THE USUAL CROWD CHATTERED AND SHOUTED AND SMOKED OVER THE FIRST CUP OF THE MORNING.





STILL, JACK, I WISH  
YOU'D TAKE A JOB AT THAT  
NEW FACTORY!



BE--YOU KNOW--RESPECTABLE!

SOT  
I GOT LUCK WITH  
CARDS! THAT AIN'T  
RESPECTABLE?



...LUCK WITH CARDS?



JACK VERY SELDOM WON AT CARDS...

UNLESS IT BECAME A BRAWL...

WITH KNIVES AND CHURNS!



I'LL LET YOU OFF HERE!  
GOT SOME BUSINESS TO  
ATTEND. I'LL DROP IN ON  
YOU ABOUT TEN!



STAY OUT OF  
TROUBLE, LOVE!



JACK ALWAYS HAD DIFFICULTY AVOIDING TROUBLE!



AND THIS DAY WOULD BE NO EXCEPTION!



BREAKING INTO THE HOUSE WAS EASY!



THEY HAD THE EXPERIENCE GAINED FROM OVER A DOZEN OTHER JOBS!





THE JOB FINISHED, THE TROUBLE WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN!



PULLING A KNIFE ON MAD JACK WAS A FOOLISH MOVE, BUT THE FIGHT WOULD NOT LAST LONG! NOT LONG AT ALL!



AAAAAAAGH!



JACK WAS STILL NERVOUS WHEN HE STOPPED BY ALICE'S PLACE THAT NIGHT.

BUT, LOOKING INTO THE SPARE ROOM...

HE WAS GREETED BY A MOST CURIOUS SIGHT, AND THE STENCH OF *DEEDY*!





MOVING BEHIND JACK, BURSTING WITH ANGER, SHE RAISED AN IRON TOKEE AND...



LATER ALICE RAISED THE BODY TO A CHAIR... SEATING IT AT THE TABLE!



AND THE TEA PARTY BEGAN...



AS THE COLOR OF DECOMPOSITION GREW STRONGER, FILLING THE ROOM, POOR MORTY'S SET IN!





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